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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. LIV CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1904. NUMBER 27.

CHILDREN.

Of such is the kingdom of heaven.
No glory that ever was shed
From the crowning star of the seven
That crown the north world's head,

No word that ever was spoken
Of human or godlike tongue,
Gave ever such godlike token
Since human harps were strung.

No sign that ever was given
To faithful or faithless eyes
Showed ever beyond clouds riven
To clear a Paradise.

Earth's creeds may be seventy times seven
And blood have defiled each creed:
If of such be the kingdom of heaven,
It must be heaven indeed.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

JUST PUBLISHED

WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?

An Answer to a Letter.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

PAMPHLET

Single Copies, 10 Cents. Per Dozen, $1.00.

Unity Publishing Company

3939 Langley Avenue

CHICAGO

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1904. NUMBER 27

My Window is the open sky;
The flower in farthest wood is mine;
I am the heir to all gone by,
The eldest son of all the line.
And when the robbers time o' Death
Athwart my path conspiring stand,
I cheat them with a clod of breath,
And pass the sword from hand to hand.

ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY.

The Garrett Biblical Institute in connection with the Northwestern University at Evanston has been holding a summer school of theology which ended in a general congress. The Methodists as usual are pioneers in new methods if not in new ideas. The teachers have their summer institutes, the physicians their annual conferences and conventions. Cannot preachers learn the economy of co-operation and the inspiration of contact?

Walter Wellman, who seems to be well inside the confidences of the republican party, has been telling the public through the *Record-Herald* that Mark Hanna disbursed nearly six million dollars in the first McKinley campaign, and the present plans of Roosevelt are commended because they expect to spend only about three million in this campaign. One wonders where this offering of patriots or the sagacious investment of three million dollars is to come from. Will it represent the free will offering of patriots or the sagacious investments of capitalist and politician?

UNITY heartily agrees with the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* when it says that the thousand ministers and congregations of the United Free Church who have recently been dispossessed of a thousand churches and colleges representing from twenty to fifty million of dollars, by a decision of the House of Lords in London, can better afford to lose this property than can the objecting twenty-four ministers and their congregations afford to accept property thus consigned to them by a body committed to the idea of a state church. Surely our contemporary is quite right that such a decision will "arouse every non-conformist church in England to the protection of itself."

The announcement by the *McClure* that Charles Wagner, author of "The Simple Life," is to visit America for the purpose of lecturing and studying our institutions suggests the possibility of some painful paradoxes and perplexing contradictions which this apostle of simplicity is likely to encounter in America. He will find his book applauded by ladies in silk trains and costly tailor-made dresses, and his message commended by club men as they clink their champagne glasses at banquet tables elaborately given in his honor; he will find his book in the hands of teachers and pupils who belong to schools so highly elaborated that all parties connected therewith are ever hanging on the boundary line of nervous prostration from artificial conceits; he will find preachers trying to embellish his gospel of simplicity with all the decorations of elaborate ritual, complicated creed and social exclusiveness, all of which goes to show how much easier it is to commend the simple life than to live it. To endorse simplicity is easy; to realize it is the last achievement of the saint and the final test of the sage.

The *Outlook* for August 6th bears on its title page, "Seventeenth Annual Educational Number," and the contents justify the title. It contains an interesting study of the personality of President Eliot of Harvard, with valuable illustrations; a charming cut of the Greek theater which the Hearst family has recently erected for the University of California, accompanied by descriptive text. Eight thousand people can sit comfortably in this great out-of-door assembly hall; it possesses a classical beauty, without roof or facade. Edwin Anderson Alderman, the new President of the University of Virginia, is also presented, with portrait and sketch. This is comparatively a new name and a strange face, at least to northern readers, but the fact that this young man, in the forty-second year of his age, now enters upon the task of completing the dream of Thomas Jefferson—of making an university that will be the capstone of a public school system, a new exponent of the democracy he so glorified and which has so often been insulted and caricatured by those who claim to be his followers, makes of him a marked man in American life.

Our readers will do well to secure a copy of the *North American Review* for August that they may study Miss Jane Addams' article, "A Crisis in Trades-Union Morals." With her usual fairness and judicial poise she recognizes the low standards of honor so manifest in many of the acts and representatives of labor unions. But the same fairness compels her to recognize that the war phraseology and tactics of the trades-unions, the lax estimate of contracts, are such as might be expected in the presence of the corrupt methods of business, the grafting habit in politics and the militarism of the day. One hope of trades-unions she discovers in the necessity for public discussion of their affairs. "It is hard to overestimate how far mere publicity makes for morality," she says. Publicity is as sanitary for capital as for labor. Some thirty years ago John Ruskin enunciated the startling dictum that men of wealth should carry glass pocketbooks. "Where did it come from?" is a legitimate question to ask of politician, speculator and man of business—this palatial residence, these costly trappings and uncalculated lux-

uries. If the money was made legitimately there is no cause for shame; if not, it is well for the owner as well as for the public that the fact be made known.

Dharamapala, the representative of the Maha Bodhi Society of Ceylon, is remembered with pleasure and respect by those who attended the Parliament of Religions. At that time he was a young man and a novitiate, since which time he has taken the full orders of the Buddhist fraternity represented by the word "Anagarika." Twice since the Congress he has returned to America, spending several months each time, studying western institutions and becoming acquainted with the western mind and method. We are in receipt of a letter bearing date of July 22nd, which indicates that the missionary spirit displayed at the Parliament in 1893 is still alive, though we suspect much modified. He writes from the little village called "Samath," four miles from Benares, the sacred city of the Buddhist, where he has started a School of Arts and Agriculture for the neglected children of the village. We may well believe that it is, as he says, "a laborious undertaking"; it would seem to be a well nigh hopeless undertaking when he tells us that:

"On its success depends the amelioration of fifty millions of neglected village children in the Gangetic Valley. The dense ignorance that prevails in the minds of the people is like pitch darkness. Ignorance is the basis of all India's suffering. Two hundred and eighty millions are illiterate; where there is ignorance there is intemperance and immorality. The statistics of the liquor trade in India show an abnormal consumption of liquor. Sexuality is the result of ignorance and intemperance. * * * What India requires today is the home generation; preachers are required to teach, not the children, but parents and teachers, hygiene, agriculture, science and art. Rural schools are necessary for the rural population of India has been largely neglected by the state as well as by the missionaries. The luxuries of the American are injurious to the people of this warm country; the architecture of America is incongruous in this land; meat, liquor, opium are poisons here. The people need to be taught moderate diet, light clothing, ventilated houses, and to plant trees. Millions do not get a full meal a day; they live in a stage of semi-starvation; they are so poor that they cannot afford to clothe themselves decently; their houses are mud huts; trees are cut down and as a consequence the fields are barren. * * * There is no better field for the broad-minded, altruistic, unselfish workers of humanity than this Indian field where two millions are expecting the advent of a deliverer from ignorance, intemperance and immorality."

This is the cry of a rationalized Buddhist, a native who has traveled, a man who, having compassed the world, goes back to work with might and main for the elevation of his own kindred and the regeneration of his own land. This brother promises to let UNITY readers hear from time to time of the progress of his work, and many who know and love him here will anxiously await the outcome of his experiment.

A recent number of the *Literary Digest* undertakes to prove prosperity by statistics, the primal proposition being that while the cost of living has greatly increased, wages have increased at a more rapid rate. This simple proposition does not solve the question. What of the immense class who from weakness, age or other pinch of circumstances, are not wage-earners, and many others whose incomes are not determined by the wage scale? Preachers, teachers and many other professional and clerical workers are dependent on salaries that seldom are affected by the rise of the wage market. To these, increase in the cost of living, whether by a rise in the cost of material or by an elaboration of wants and the multiplication of needs by social demands, means increasing anxieties and a slow but sure advance of poverty with its grind.

Do Physicians Prescribe Alcohol Unduly?

The *Literary Digest,* in a recent issue, asks the important question, Do physicians prescribe alcohol unduly? All thoughtful people are, I think, asking themselves the same question. It has recently been charged in the *London Graphic,* by a woman, that doctors have brought many of her sex to ruin through drink, by constantly recommending to them the medicinal use of spirits. Commenting on this, *The Hospital* says: "Adults of sane mind are accountable for their own actions, and we protest against the growing habit of saddling other persons with responsibility for their misdeeds on the slightest possible pretext. Women who drink whisky to excess cannot for a moment be permitted to excuse themselves by advancing the utterly absurd and futile plea, "the doctor recommended its use." Is this plea utterly absurd? I myself believe that many woman acquire the deadly habit in that way. Let me state but one case, although it is not an isolated one.

It came under my own observation, but the details were given me by close friends of the woman. A girl was married at seventeen years of age, innocent, ignorant, rather delicate, but healthy, and had a child the first year, which she was unable to nourish sufficiently in the regular manner. Her doctor prescribed beer for her, and she began taking it, vainly hoping to increase the flow of milk. She was ill for a long time and was told to continue the beer, and other stimulants were given her. In the most natural way in the world she began to like it, and grew to depend upon it for a false strength. No harm was thought of it by her friends, as many of them had tried the same prescription. This young woman gave birth to seven children in ten years, and nursed them all, or tried to, on beer, egg nog with whisky, and such things as nurses as well as doctors are fond of recommending to young mothers. All but one of the children died in early childhood, and the mother became an invalid who had acquired a love for strong drink. She alone was regarded as blameworthy, was divorced and disgraced, and died of a broken heart. Now, was the doctor or the young woman to be blamed? She had no experience of the world, did not dream that the passion for stimulants could be created by innocently drinking beer under a doctor's direction, and met with no remonstrance from husband or mother. The doctor knew the facts, and had dealt with uncontrollable appetites many times, and seen many men and women ruined by the medicine he prescribed. He was a man of mature judgment; she was a child. Which one was to blame?

In England, far more women are intemperate than in America, and hospitals for their cure are common there, and I more than suspect that the doctors do prescribe it unduly. In America, I am sure they do, and I could narrate many instances of deadly harm which came to ignorant or thoughtless patients through their prescriptions. I will ask space for but one. A young man during an attack of typhoid fever was cared for by his sister, away from home, among strangers. When the patient was convalescing, the doctor directed her to give him a certain amount of whisky every day, and she complied. The illness was a long one; there was a relapse and a very slow return to health. The

man was well at last, but with a taste for stimulants which has been the curse of his life and that of his family. The sister has been almost as unhappy as the man himself, and laments her ignorance to this day. Was the young man to blame, or the sister? Or was the doctor, who knew all about the ease with which the mad desire for alcohol may be acquired by either a man or a woman? The writer in *The Hospital* says, further. "Even if, however, it were the practice of the profession to constantly recommend women to take a small quantity of whisky with their food for the benefit of their health, we deny that any one would be justified in ascribing to them the ruin of their patients." It seems that in England doctors are accused of prescribing alcohol unduly, and it is a well-known fact that intemperance is already a great evil there among women, and that it is said to be increasing rapidly. It is my opinion that one might be justified in placing blame upon physicians if they do constantly recommend alcohol, in however small quantities, to be taken by their patients with their food.

Drink among women is comparatively a new problem in America. The great influx of foreigners has brought the problem, and no thoughtful person can ignore it. Already, in Chicago, the mayor has been forced to forbid their drinking at public bars, and to make radical orders about women's entrances to saloons. Of course from time immemorial a certain class of disreputable women have sustained themselves by hard drinking; but the evil now is threatening all classes, and insidiously undermining the foundations of morality and religion in our land.

Yet Bishop Potter, if he is correctly reported in special dispatches, is glad to see women in the "reformed" saloon he has just "dedicated." In this place there is a soda fountain where soda water and beer are sold to men and women alike. It is placed invitingly near the entrance. All kinds of stronger drinks are sold in a rear room. The bishop, we are told, thinks beer no more harmful than soda water. Has he ever heard of a man drunk on soda water who went home and murdered his wife or maimed his children? In western cities, the drinking beer by women at public bars is not unknown, but I do not think we have yet evolved a bishop who is glad to see them there.

In certain districts in France, drinking among women has become so common and so excessive that one grave scientist expresses the fear that alcohol will in time destroy the race. Is it not time that a very strong and united protest should go up in this country against this new departure of women, and the doctor who takes the risks of freely prescribing alcohol for them ought to be held to great responsibility.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

A Summer Sanctuary.

I found a yellow flower in the grass,
A tiny flower with petals like a bell,
And yet, me thought, more than a flower it was,—
More like a Miracle.

Above, the sky was clear, save where at times
Soft tinted fleeces drifted dreamily,
Bearing a benison to sunny climes,
From altars of the sea.

In vestments green the pines about me gleamed
Like priests that tend the sacrificial fire;
And the faint-lowing cattle almost seemed
Some far intoning choir.

It was a place and an occasion meet
For some high, solemn wonder to befall;
And when I saw the flower at my feet,
I understood it all.

Harry Lyman Hoopman.

Our Tower Hill Letter.

A glory of sunshine over all the earth, in air and sky and the hearts of men, heralds that interesting annual occasion known on Tower Hill as "Young People's Day." This Sunday meeting, a representative gathering of the young folk of the Hillside, is something to see and be a part of, a day to rejoice in and be glad of, a token of the things that are to come. In spite of its name, the day does not exclude the seniors from its fellowship, but makes common cause and cheerful combination with them and thus presents a most effective program. Starting out with Mr. Chester Lloyd Jones, of Hillside, and ending with Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, the meeting made interesting beginning and came to satisfactory close.

By a kind of natural selection the life of the student and of the scholar found prominent expression in the thought of the day. Mr. Chester Jones, a fellow of the University of Pennsylvania, gave the opening address on "The Student in Politics" it breathed a fresh and inspiring message, urged that the student be a living force in the political life of his time, a power for good, "a student in politics as well as out of politics" and a helper for healthy life in local and national government. There was no compromising position here, the words were clear, the truth evident and the duty of the student to the state made as clear as his duty to his neighbor. In this word scholarship was vindicated, student life ennobled and its extension and usefulness in larger and broader avenues suggested.

Rev. Margaret Olmstead, of Decorah, Ia., followed Mr. Jones in an address filled with lofty and earnest words. Here was a call to the mountain tops, to stand to the death for the things that are true, right, honest, pure, and of good report—a call not only for noble living but a plea for constant and steady allegiance to high thinking. By this then will the ideal be made real, "the impossible, possible," and as surely as the magnet draws the lode-star the high soul will in God's time draw all to itself, make all its own.

After Mrs. Olmstead, giving an interesting variety to the occasion, came a recitation from Longfellow's "Building of the Ship" by Miss Stella Reely, of Spring Green. Also a charming duet by fresh young voices lent tender color to the occasion; after which followed the address of Prof. Charles Foster Smith, of the University of Wisconsin, on "The Making of a Scholar," the only regret in regard to which is that all the world was not there to be quickened into new life by the eloquent words of the speaker. The discovery of a scholar among the souls entrusted to him is the inspiration and the joy of the teacher; the reward to the professor from those he has trained to noble scholarship comes to him "in an affection far beyond his deserts." An earnest word in behalf of the slower student gave evidence of an understanding of the true work of the teacher. The love of reading appeared a strong factor in the making of a scholar, athletic training a weak one, the fact being that the chances of a crew man for hours are as those of the average student, the chances of the base ball and foot ball man far less than for the average graduate.

Contact with the scholarly, with the great of the world, lifts the student into a region where "wings are on his feet and his thoughts among the stars." Thus are the rewards of the scholar inestimable, manifold, and far beyond price. With the inspiring words of Professor Smith the morning session came to its close.

With the afternoon meeting, however, came yet further interesting evidence of the intellectual capacity of the people of the neighborhood and its guests from afar.

Mr. Thomas Lloyd Jones, principal of High School of Menominee, Wis., and president of the Tower Hill Summer School, opened the afternoon meeting with the reading of four noble poems, one from E. A. Horton, one from Wordsworth, and two from Edwin Markham, making an effective prelude to the afternoon's performance, following which came an address from Mr. Frank Metcalf, of Wyoming, a medical student of the University of Chicago, upon the subject of "The Student" in and out of college life. Here the "vision" of the student was emphasized. This it is that determines his way, this it is that will make him purposeful or otherwise in his efforts.

By an introduction of the "practical," by the combination of agricultural with classical courses, the college life of the student is broadening and his horizon extending, and a further enrichment in the way of right living coming to him from his fellowship with Social Settlement work. Wherefore in the present state of things in which it is evident that society is in a state of "resurrection," it is clearly evident that the student is to play a somewhat responsible part.

Miss Ethel Evans, of Spring Green, followed this speaker with the clever recitation of a scene in a little Kentucky village, after which Rev. Mary Andrews, of Kansas City, gave a cordial and pretty word of encouragement and greeting to the young people of the neighborhood. At the close of her message the children rose and repeated in unison the beautiful words of the sonnet of Emerson on "Forbearance," which is like a voice from the spirit of the woods.

And then, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, whose informing force, vital energy, and dominant spirit make Tower Hill live again, took the platform. He brought a tender tribute to "a friend that I have had and lost." This, in brief, was an eloquent and ardent history of a Welsh compatriot, one of the most picturesque figures in our civic and political life, none other than the man who was popularly known as "Golden Rule Jones." The story of Samuel Jones, Mayor of Toledo, reads like a fairy tale interwoven with blood-red threads of human life history, and from the lips of this ardent friend acquired an intensity of interest and made a surpassing picture of what one individual by the might of his manhood could accomplish.

But the day's wealth is not exhausted, for the evening brings us into the pavilion again to listen to the reading of "Saul." Here this great religious poem of Browning receives a setting that raises it to its highest value, a consecrating ceremony is this to which all the forces of the spirit respond, and the like of which is seldom witnessed.

Monday morning brings many good things in its train, so many that they can be chronicled only in the briefest way. The Science class, leading the others in the order of its going, must ever stand as an enduring monument to the worth of Miss Rosalia Hatherell as grand master in her art. Skilful in scientific analysis and indefatigable in research, she has also the poetic power to infill and make alive her subject, in proof of which we cite the eager and interested attendance of children at her classes and in her field walks. We recall with pleasure a long walk over the hills under her guidance last week, in which the three small colored pupils were active and merry participants in the search. This week we still continue the study of the fungi, and a talk from Miss Amelia McMinn, of Milwaukee, on "Algae," or the plants of the sea, lent an added element of interest to the study.

The Class in Religion also goes on its way under Mr. Jones, and Myth and Science, under his magic touch, are opening their doors, unveiling their secrets, and stretching out in clear but endless vistas. The processes of life from the beginning seem no longer vague and confused but an orderly procedure in which Myth and Science offset and unite in a divine and harmonious sequence.

Again our established program was varied by a visit from our old friend Mr. Robert Joiner, who delighted us all again with the reading of his inimitable pinewood stories, and the evening brought Mr. A. C. Greer, of Racine, Wis., who gave a lecture on "The World is Growing Better," with an interesting series of pictures to prove his sociological point of view. Tuesday evening was illuminated with the presence of Professor Elsom, of Wisconsin University, who gave us a delightful journey through Virginia by way of the screen and the camera. Such are the joys with which the days and evenings are filled.

But the literature class holds treasures peculiarly its own and, pouring out gifts from its storehouse, brings to us this week Robert Browning's great drama of "The Return of the Druses." This, read and interpreted by Mr. Jones, not only commands the interest but holds the attention. A remote people, the ancient Druses from the Mount of Lebanon in an island of the Mediterranean Sea, in the 15th century, would seem to be a far-a-way subject for present day consideration. But so skilfully and subtly is the plot intertwined with temperaments and characteristics that a wonderful picture of soul life is evolved which fits all times and all ages. The Oriental strain with its mystical tendencies lends a wonderful glow of color to the incidents and illuminates strangely situations otherwise unintelligible.

Djabal, the central figure, half Arabian and half Frank, the impostor who dupes steadily his credulous people, in one supreme moment of mighty manhood, flinging off disguises, shams, tricks and compromises, achieves the godhead and vindicates Anael's belief and love. No greater picture of the intricacies of human motive can be found, no more subtle study of the complexities and surprises of soul life realized than in this drama. And here among the hills from the lips of its most skilful interpreter, it attains its climax and probes and penetrates to the innermost fibers of being. Well, then, is it to be present and to be, perchance, greatly enlightened.

Thursday evening a talk from Rev. T. Lloyd Jones, of Liverpool, initiated us into the workings of an institution in his own city, of which he is chief executive, called The Liverpool Domestic Mission. This is somewhat large in its scope and in many essential respects resembles the systems of associated charities of our own large cities.

Friday morning brought an interpretation by Mr. Jones, of Walt Whitman's "Song of the Broad Axe," which, in a vast series of pictures, covering the entirety of life, illustrates the work of this primitive tool in the hand of the pioneer. The resounding rhythm underlying the structure of this poem is vast and akin to the step of age-long stamping feet. A business meeting of the Summer School in the afternoon when reports of the past year were presented and plans for the new formed, of which a notable feature was the presentation of a testimonial, signed by twenty-seven of her pupils, to Miss Rosalia Hatherell in loving appreciation of her fine work in the science class, and a delightful evening at the beautiful home of the Hillside School, closed a rich and abundant week, and inward communion with all these things reveals that for the things that make for the permanent this has been the richest and most successful season.

Tower Hill, Aug. 20, 1904. ANNE B. MITCHELL.

Young People's Day at The Tower Hill Summer School August 14, 1904.

The Duty of the Student in Politics.

CHESTER LLOYD JONES.

The general theme of the morning, The Duty of the Student to the State, implies that the duty of the student differs from that of other citizens; indicates that the student is placed under some special obligation by his training and opportunities and that the state has a right to look to him for services greater than are to be expected from those who have lacked such advantages.

That the student *is* under such special obligation is clear with but a moment's thought. For the student in the great majority of cases has shared in the state's bounty to an extent greater than the average citizen, to a degree which would have been improbable if not impossible had the work been left to private means. For this material aid, clearly a duty peculiar to himself rests on every student. It is a contribution from the life of the entire nation freely given for the benefit of the few, a gift from rich and poor alike that those whom opportunity has favored may rest more bountifully than was the lot of their benefactors. This equipment of the student is the set of workman's tools which the master gives to the apprentice and through them he must acquire ability which will bring him into close relation to his fellow citizens and make him of increasing usefulness to them.

But the state gives to the student much more than the material outfittings with which an education is acquired. Far deeper than any gift of material services lies the source of the scholar's duty to the commonwealth. This is a duty which arises in all those conditions guaranteed by the state which make possible the scholar's search after knowledge.

The various influences with which the state surrounds every individual—touching his life constantly and at every point—the ties of home and activities of social organizations and business connections, the various economic and political influences with which he is surrounded—all these oblige *every* citizen to an active interest in the welfare and development of the state's life. *But* to the student more than to others comes this obligation, for if men are to be judged by their opportunities and by that of *themselves* which they have put into their work, then the student must be judged by the strictest of standards and upon him does the state have a special claim, for in his favor especially did these complex forces act and to him were given material and opportunity—the rough hewn blocks from which success is builded.

His is a duty which carries with it a life long obligation, and can be fulfilled only by constant vigilance in his civic duty. It is not an obligation which can be canceled by any return of goods as a repayment for a benefit received. This duty rests upon us always and its value to us can no more be measured than we can count the value of light and air and place a price upon our family ties. It is so intimate a connection because like these it forms a part of our daily lives, an influence the extent of which we do not realize and can not determine. The essence of the influences for which the student is under obligation rests not first of all in the advantages offered by our colleges liberally supported from the public treasury; *not* in our public school system with its branches reaching to the humblest communities. Were these buildings and equipment utterly destroyed there still would remain that for which the student should be most thankful. This is a power builded not in stone or cast in bronze, but graven in the very spirit of the people. It is that ever present power in the state which inspires confidence in education, confidence that scholarship will justify itself by results, confidence that the bestowal of these influences for good will be followed by a return manifold and in kind, which will work as leaven for the general welfare. For this spirit in the state it is that the student owes his deepest obligation. This is a living force ingrained in the hearts of men—the force of which all our public buildings and equipment are but the evidence and not the substance.

Clearly, then, every student in accepting the hand of the state in acquiring his preparation for life, places himself under perpetual obligation to it and thus incurs a debt he can repay only by becoming a more valuable citizen—a greater *power* for the advancement of the society for the good of which the state exists.

When the young man, then, at the completion of his education looks out upon the world and its possibilities, where can he oftenest make the beginning in the repayment of this debt to the commonwealth? Where shall he start this work for the advancement of the common good? Where in the political machinery of his country can his influence be brought to bear soonest and with surest results?

Here in politics as in the world in general, every man whether he wills or not, affects by his thoughts and actions the society in which he lives. The influence upon those whose lives touch his own most, among these his opinion has greatest power, his acts count for most and his influence is most potent. But few men can enter state activities as a profession and thus work for the advancement of the public good, but every man can by his personality help to mold the public opinion in his own community. Here where every man of necessity has an influence it is the privilege and the *duty* of the student to enter into the political activity of the state. He who by special training should have acquired a deeper insight, is false to the teachings of that education if he does not grasp this opportunity of becoming an uplift in the political society of which he forms a part. Here in the local community at the taproots of the nation's life are those great forces forming which moving slowly but surely carry our national life upward. This is a work in which every citizen should share but in which the greatest obligation lies upon those to whom the state has given most.

Often we allow the more engaging interests which concern our larger political units to blind us to the importance of our local governments. Often we forget that it is on the *local* government that the central authority must rest and that no good government can long endure unless based upon a healthy political life in the smallest class of the component parts. Just as it is the character of the small stones in the wall that determines its strength, so the power of the self governing nation is based upon the vigor and honesty of its town and country governments.

Active participation in local interests is the duty then of every student. He should be a force dynamic and not static—a student *in* politics as well as a student *of* politics. He who finds the voting booths of his own community an uninteresting place and who avoids sharing in the responsibilities of local legislation and administration, insomuch fails to render to the state its due return; does not comprehend the meaning of that political organism within which he lives, and does not appreciate the value of that life in common which uniting all for the interests of every one, is the greatest of social forces in the commonwealth. If feeling no interest in this life in common which surrounds him he fails to grasp the opportunity set before him he then becomes a dead weight in the

onward movement of society, a hindrance where he might have been a creative force.

Once let us attain a healthy public opinion for our ruling power in our local governments and the problems which confront us in our larger political divisions will lend themselves to easier solution.

If in our local governments there be abuse of privilege or political knavery, every citizen and especially every student should realize that it is not a reproach upon democracy but a reproach upon that local electorate. The blame lies not with the form of government under which such abuse is possible but with the body of citizens which allows that condition to be an enduring fact. Here is the source of evil and here must be the center of reform. We must remember that men make the laws and not laws the men, and that without honesty and honor in the electorate the best of laws must remain dead upon the statute books. To raise the standard of citizenship, to force upon each the conviction that his duty to his state is as sacred as that to his neighbor, this is a duty binding upon every citizen, and in an electorate thus wakened to its own true interests improper influence can not permanently endure.

Purify the sources of our political life and the main stream must perforce become pure, just as a river which rises from clear springs, though in its course it may receive many contaminating influences, yet by its very onward movement lends towards the cleansing of its own waters.

And in this struggle for the common weal every student should feel it his duty to become a living force. With superior training he should have acquired a greater power to see the truth and a readier will to follow it. He should feel it a privilege as well as a duty to strive to perfect the state to which he is bound by gratitude for benefits unmeasured.

Impelled by his motive he should become an active moral and political force in HIS community, keen for the preservation of all the past has achieved, eager for whatever good the future may offer.

Bound to the state by those various influences which have made him what he is he should become a bulwark for the preservation and advancement of the common welfare, a force conservative constantly striving to build the political foundation of the commonwealth both wide and deep.

A Few Things College Men Think Worth While.

FRANK W. METCALF, DODGEVILLE, WIS.

In discussing with Mr. Jones the subject on which to speak to-day, the question of the current opinion of a considerable percentage of our people regarding college training and the students' attitude toward life came up, and it seemed that if something might be said to induce a more nearly true estimate of what college men think worth while, the result might be worth the effort.

There is no doubt that from the outside a great deal seems to be made of the noise and nonsense, the play and parade of students. Newspapers would have us believe that football and functions social and the foolish utterances of some self advertising professors were the important things in college life. No doubt there are students who have been taken too soon from the intellectual cradle and that there are men holding departmental chairs who have scarcely outgrown the mental high-chair. But it is the startling and the unusual which are sought for publication and the fact that newspapers give such prominence to these regrettable facts but makes more evident to the thoughtful public the steady, resistless activity of the great body of students and teachers who have made our colleges rich in promise and performance.

The great body of students are young men who are making some sacrifice for their choice and the men to whom students delight to give special honor are those sturdy fellows who carry full work and do clerical or manual service at odd times to make ends meet; and the best of our college professors are men who came up out of just such tribulation to their present positions.

Above all, such students are enthusiastic in their belief that the college life itself is worth while. One of the pioneers in this locality—an old friend of ours, and in his gruff, non-committal way a friend of all young men, pretends to discourage the investment in a college education. He delights to tell of his fear of too much schooling, and easily gets into an animated characterization of what he calls "condemned educated fools" to whom school has not brought a certain brand of success in life. Whatever special instance may have been the basis for his complaint will you not agree that he has fallen into the common error of regarding our existence as divided sharply into period of preparation distinguished from and preceding one of activity popularly called "life?" Life is continuous, universally suggesting to poets the movement of a mighty river, a phenomenon of development, exercise, growth, beginning in mystery and ending in the infinite. *The term preparation for life is as meaningless as secular and sacred* (now being discarded) as applied *to* life. Then the man who makes the decision for college and goes earnestly at the conquest of conditions as he meets them is *living* richly and completely.

Dr. Lyman Abbott in his simple, forceful way shows the need of high aims and frequent recurrence to ideals in one of his little talks on visions. He writes of the climber who early in the morning stood on high ground and looking across to the high peak to be attained marked out plainly the way through the rough places of the valley below and the opposite slope. With the image of the way clear in his mind, he buoyantly started to cross. But as he got well into the valley he encountered many obstructions. The distance was greater than he thought and he could see but a short way ahead. The heat was overpowering. Many paths intersected and gave promise of leading by way of easier ground. But when most perplexed, despairing and about to yield to the easier way he remembered the image as he had seen it from the high ground. Though unable *now* to see, faith that he HAD seen the right way from above gave him cheer; taking a drink of cool water from the mountain stream he pressed on and made the peak.

So in young manhood when hopes are high and ideals are undimmed the student makes a choice for the best things in teaching technology, commerce, law or the Christian ministry. Descending to the actual struggle he will find the way obstructed by poverty, slighting words of companions. He will be lured by the easy life or by opportunities to get wealth. The heat of the struggle will dim his ideals. But, cheered by an encouraging word—cold water for his faintness—memory of his vision and faith that he has seen the best way will determine his persistence in the only way for him.

But making aims high will not insure attainment of them. If the quest of an ideal is to be effective that ideal must be so definite that hope of attainment will lure one on. The very height is discouraging if the way has not been clearly seen through the restricted valley of gratification to the high peak with its broad view. There is evidence in abundance that the student of to-day is more definite and purposeful in his efforts. His choice of a course in college shows it. I dare not now say that he demands that the universities better

prepare him for life, but it must be admitted that these institutions are seeing to it that the life in them will more satisfactorily be adjusted to the life following. Twenty-five years ago there was little demand for technical education in the colleges. Since 1885 the numbers in the University of Wisconsin have been about quadrupled, but the gain has been for the most part in the so-called practical at the expense of the purely culture courses. Here are some statistics sent me by the registrar of the University of Wisconsin which will show the tendency toward definiteness.

	1885	1890	1895	1900	1904
No. of men enrolled in English course. ..	94	105	116		
No. of men enrolled in class. courses..	45	77	70	109	
No. of men enrolled in Gen. Sci. C'rse.	75	53	123	72	
No. of men enrolled in Premed. C'rse. ..	..	..	..	..	
					310
No. of men enrolled in Pharm. Course.	39	34	60	51	32
No. of men enrolled in Eng. Courses..	17	82	218	327	—699
No. of men enrolled in Schl. of Com.. ..	..	..	..	..	—173
No. of men enrolled in Agric. Course..	2	5	218	381	

The noisy athletics is not indicative of the real effort to give the mind a habitation in a sound body, but quietly throughout the year inside the gymnasium and out is going on the systematic purposeful work which has transformed our student body from the old anæmic to the broad-shouldered, full-chested, sanguine type that is our boast and pride.

College religious activity has been modernized and appeals to manly young men. *But attempt* to save men by conviction of depravity and fear of the hereafter has been abandoned and religion goes hand in hand with ethics and sociology to redeem men by showing them that *the right way to live* is the best for them HERE. The HERE which is ours is emphasized more than the hereafter.

This activity finds its practical expression in the college settlement, an institution supported in part at least by students where student volunteers live among the poorer classes of our great cities, freely mingling socially and bringing a breath of culture, refinement and sympathetic *personal* interest which these poor people could not otherwise enjoy.

If for conciseness a few additional things students believe in were stated in the form of an "I believe" it might run like this:

They believe that the Father created a Heaven so broad that some of it may be enjoyed here on earth; that the multitude of evils under which we are buried are visited on us for the worship of strange gods, chief of which is the Golden Calf; that persistent as has been the warfare against high ideals before and since the sacrifice of the Great Idealist, society is really in a process of resurrection in which the student should play a *very responsible* part in rolling away the stone; and that he should be judged not only by the appreciable results of his efforts but also by what he has overcome in getting and keeping his shoulder to the work; that the church should be as catholic as the spirit of helpfulness and the holy spirit of charity as broad as man's need. Finally, that while we are promised divine remission of sins we cannot forget that no man can forgive his own mistakes, for every one is relentlessly incorporated in his final inheritance—character—the only thing that he takes into the *life everlasting*.

Go into the rooms of some of the students and be surprised at the number who have nailed on the wall above pipes, pouches and gay pillows a symphony like this of R. L. Stevenson:

To be honest—to be kind—to earn a little to spend a little less—to make on the whole a family happier for his having lived—to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered—to keep a few friends and that without capitulation—above all to keep friends with himself. This is a task for all that a man has of delicacy and fortitude.—Students *do* believe the thoughtful life is worth while.

Loyalty to the Ideal.

REV. MARGARET T. OLMSTEAD.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovable, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise think on these things." Matthew Arnold says conduct is three-quarters of life. Granting this, it is also true that conduct is but the outward expression of the inner man, the soul. We are obliged to judge men by what they do and say. This is not an infallible test because our actions often fall sadly short of our ideals, while some times they appear to be much better than our ideals. Still, it is true in the main that "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he," "Out of the heart" (and mind) "are the issues of life." We ourselves are bound to grow refined or coarse, generous or selfish, true or false, kind or cruel, noble or base, in just such measure as we allow ourselves to think thoughts, to feel emotions, of one sort or the other. Our thought and feeling have also an influence on the characters of other people, for spiritual force is a real force. Not more real is the air we breathe than the spiritual atmosphere made up of the thoughts we are thinking. Your thought and mine help to make this environment in which all must live, and by which all must be affected. The quality of that environment depends in part upon the quality of your thought and mine. So it does matter very much and very seriously, *what* we think and *how* we think as we sit here together, or as we walk the streets of the city.

Now I want to speak in the few minutes allotted to me this morning, of how social progress, the higher living of humanity, is dependent to a considerable extent on right thinking and right feeling. For remember that right thinking and right feeling always make right doing easier.

The world moves upward and onward only as people persist in holding fast to their ideals until these become the actual order of society. All social reform that has yet come about came because a few earnest souls trusted their vision of the ideal good; trusted it so fully that they kept on believing when all others doubted. When the world said "Yes it is *right* to love your neighbor as if he were yourself but it is *impractical*," they said "If it is right it is practical, practical because it is right." I once heard religion defined as "faith in the practicability of right." This does not cover all that religion means. No definition could do that. But it touches a vital point in religion. There is no worse heresy than to doubt the supremacy of righteousness, to think that some things are too good ever to come true, to say that the Golden Rule can be applied in the home and a few such places, but can never be applied in the commercial world, or in international relations. When the industrial commission questioned Mr. John C. Havemeyer as to the morality of some sugar trust transactions, he replied "The fate of rival concerns is their affair not ours. I do not care two cents for your ethics. I know nothing about them. I am talking business." Now my young friends if you and I *do* care for ethics, if you and I think the question of right or wrong should enter into business transactions as much as the question of profit, nay more than the question of profit, if you and I believe the golden rule ought to be the rule of life everywhere under all circumstances, then let us believe that what ought to be can be, bust be, an never let go those high ideals. Even though we may not have succeeded always in living up to them ourselves, let us not lose faith in the ideals nor in ourselves, but keep on trusting and trying. Hold your *thought* true to the best, and let that lead you

and influence those around you. Stand by your highest standard of right even though the facts seem to be against you. Some day your faith will be vindicated. When there is a clash between what is right and what is temporally expedient, there can be no compromise.

We are not to be disheartened because we can't see the way at the present moment of accomplishing a noble aim. The ideal always appears before the way to reach it appears. We always know where we want to go before we find out how to get there. If we will only keep faith in the vision, the way will open. If it does not open in our life time, it will open, be sure, to those who inherit our vision. Our hopes and aspirations find their completest fulfilment in the lives that live after us.

These ideals that we hold to through ridicule and derision, through failure and defeat, are not only a controlling force in making us what we are, they not only radiate from us and affect the thinking of others, but they live on through the future, helping in their humble measure to bring the world's thinking to a higher standard.

Lydia Maria Child tells the story of a German musician who came to visit this country. Passing along a city street one day, he heard strains of beautiful music issuing from a church building. As the door stood open he entered and sat down to enjoy the music. Scarcely had he done so when his sensitive ear was jarred with the many discords he had failed to detect when outside. He had unwittingly stumbled upon the chorus choir at rehearsal. They were learning a new anthem. So painful were the discords to the musician that he would have gone out, but that his politeness and considerateness made him shrink from doing what might hurt the feelings of the singers. Soon he distinguished among them one voice of rare sweetness singing in perfect time and tune. He noticed as the practice went on that this voice never wavered; that it did not try to drown out the others, but simply kept itself true to the key, and true to the sweet pure tone. And after a little he noticed fewer discords in the other voices. One by one and little by little they blended with the voice of the sweet singer until at last all were singing in perfect time and tune, all was harmony.

So if you and I will persist in keeping our thought life clear and true, our heart life pure and noble; if we will keep faith with our highest ideals, defending them when assailed; if we will hold our souls open for the new and larger vision; above all if we will try more earnestly to make our actions harmonize with those ideals, we shall be helping more than we can ever know to bring the world's thought, the world's feeling, the world's acting into harmony with the highest and best. For "no life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

"Shore Acres."

How sweetly it comes back, how tenderly,
That evening's end; no little thing forgot;
The fire made safe; set back the steaming pot;
Windows and doors shut tightly as could be;

The tall clock wound; the house all still, and then—
The dear old man his candle takes and goes
To seek his own well-earned, prayer-blest repose,
His heart at peace with all the sons of men.

And, when we to the end of toil have won,
And it is time for us to go to bed,
May we as gently move unto our rest,
Leaving no simplest needful thing undone,
No word of healing gentleness unsaid,
Some lamp of God close to our bosoms prest.

—*John White Chadwick.*

The Calloused Hand.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Ecclesiastes, ix. 10.

Now, some write books of empty words,
And some weave fancies into song—
But he who toils among the shreds,
Barehanded, brown of face, and strong,
And clears the place where shall arise
The structure that shall long endure,
Though he be counted far from wise
His portion of reward is sure.

Some, with the brush and many hues,
Make pictures that men rush to see—
Yet there are no more worthy views
Than those where many workmen be,
Where chisel rings against the stone
And hammer clangs upon the steel,
For peasant's hut or monarch's throne
The fingermarks of toil reveal.

Words writ in ink grow dim and fade,
The canvas turns to dust in time,
But structures which bare hands have made
Last through the centuries sublime;
The bridge, the temple, and the street,
The castle wall and city gate
Tell of men braving cold and heat,
Of hands that builded high and great.

Clear in the harmony of life
There is one chord that rings alone
And which with surging strength is rife—
The hum of toil is in its tone,
The sounds of tools that blend and blur
In harmony from all the lands,
The hymn of the artificer.
The world owes much to calloused hands.

—W. D. N., in the *Chicago Tribune*, August 22, 1904

The Home of Helen Hunt Jackson.

We left the wind and dust of Chicago one night in December, *en route* to Colorado over the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R. R., reaching Colorado Springs at an early hour on the second morning. We found the skies as blue and the ozone as health-giving as on a previous visit, and the grandeur of these mountains even more marked in winter than in summer.

Colorado Springs has always possessed deep attractions for us—as we are wont to associate people with places, and here, for many years, dwelt Helen Hunt Jackson. We write her name lovingly, reverently, and our thought goes back to that lonely grave on the slope of Cheyenne Mountain, a place of her own choosing. The house in which she dwelt still remains as she left it. Flowers clamber over the garden fence and on the lawn in summer, and vines screen windows and veranda, making a quiet and leafy seclusion. Pathetically they recall the tastes of her who dwelt there, to whom the "light of the morning was a glory ever renewed, and the love of flowers a never-failing delight and intimate consolation." From the veranda one may look westward to the lofty summit of Pike's Peak, and away to the south are the curving slopes of a majestic mountain, rising directly from the surrounding plains in one stupendous mass. But more than any other inanimate object was it beloved of her, who found

Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

". . . tongues in trees, books in the running brooks.

watched Cheyenne Mountain, responsive to all its Day by day, during her last summer, she lay and varied changes of color and atmosphere. If she has written entertainingly of mountainous landscape, the constant companionship and daily study of her favorite Cheyenne aided by its self-revelations.

Colorado seemed to Mrs. Jackson's fancy, a paradise—its resplendent suns, its sapphire skies, its vast panorama of mountain and plain, were of ceaseless charm to her. What these things meant to her transforming fancy, how her soul expanded amidst such

new and strange revelations, is told in that marvel of grace and fancy, her *Bits of Travel at Home*—many of whose most charming chapters were written on these heights, these "mountain-tops that neighbor with the stars."

Her home was the rendezvous of poets, artists, and men of letters, who gave to her the affection and appreciation of members of one common guild. Books overran the apartments, from the littered study-table to every available nook and corner. Upon the walls were etchings by English and French masters, pure line-engravings, prints, works in color, pen-and-ink sketches, and first-hand photographs from her favorite pictures of Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci—all of which gave testimony to her enthusiastic love of travel and of art. There were carpets from Cashmere, silk *portieres* from Bellagio, brasses from Belgium and Switzerland, Egyptian bowls, Indian wallets, Madras wickerwork, *tilpahs* from Taos and other Indian pueblos, and Chinese and African carvings. But most precious in her own eyes, was a haphazard collection of water-jars from all quarters of the globe—there stood the silver and gold Aztec jars in juxtaposition with those of the Cypriote, the curiously painted earthenware of New Mexico with the early Etruscan and the leather bottles of East Africa; there were the quaint flasks of the California Mission Indians alongside Greek vases of exquisite design and workmanship—such as the girls at Capri still balance upon their heads. Each article of *vertu*, we are assured, was highly prized by the owner—and thereby hung many an interesting tale.

Her love of flowers was intense—they were her friends, and she theirs, in a purely spiritual sense. She once said to a friend, as they were passing by a roadside banked with asters and goldenrods, "Sometimes they seem to welcome me, inaudibly, but in attitudes of positive expectancy, and I can do nothing but take a few home to be with me for a little while, and then wither. But it is not death; it is perfect ripening; they have come to the end of their serviceableness."

IRENE FOCKLER-HALLOWELL.

Crested Butte, Colorado.

Would You?

Could you keep the tints of spring
On the woods in misty brightness,—
Keep the half-veiled boughs a-swing
To the linnet's flitting lightness,—
Through the birch leaves' rippling green
Hold the maple keys from dropping,—
On the sward with May-showers clean,
Cheat the violets into stopping;

Could you make the rosebud's lips
Vow to be a bud forever,—
From the sedges' wavering tips
Bid the dewy pearl drop never;
Could you make the sunrise hour
For a lifetime overbrood you;
Could you change the year's full dower
For its first faint promise—would you?

Though a bubbling cup we quaff,
Fresh from sunny founts of morning,
When the world is all a-laugh,
And a welcome without warning;—
At life's Cana-feast, the guest
Lingering on, with thirst unsated,
Finds a later draught the best:
Miracles—when thou hast waited!

Thought must shade and sun the soul
With its glorious mutations;
Every life-song is a whole
Sweeter for its variations.
Wherefore with your bliss at strife?
'Twas an angel that withstood you!
Could you change your perfect life
For a dream of living—would you?

—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Reviews by Mr. Chadwick.

THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY.

Though standing eighth in order in the contemplated series of "Lord Acton's History" this volume is only the fourth so far published. Each of the others had a distinct geographical centre, the first Italy, the second America, the third Germany. The present volume has even more of geographical centrality. Its centre is France, if we should not say Paris. No better account of it could possibly be given that that in its own preface in the following terms:

"The present volume traces the intellectual genesis of the revolutionary movement among the audacious thinkers and the philanthropic listeners of the eighteenth century. It shows how the intitutions and the administration of France were unfitted to resist a violent shock, while her vacilliating rulers hesitated to use such resources as the constitution placed in their hands. Benevolent enthusiasm, peaceful agitation, irresolute control, are succeeded by anarchy and terrorism; society seems to be resolved into its elements, and the fortunes of the nation to depend on the caprice and idiosyncrasies of a few chance-selected men. The impulse spreads beyond the frontiers. Europe gathers her forces to resist the destructive flood. France reacts to hostile pressure; institutions are extemporized in the midst of foreign and civil war; the organic unity of the French nation reasserts itself; order succeeds to anarchy, fixed aims to vague aspirations; and wars of conquest follow wars of self-preservation. Separately is described the attempt of legislators to break loose from the bonds of custom, convention and tradition, and to build up a new scheme of human relations from a purely rational basis. Finally, the effect of these destructive and reconstructive ideas is traced in action and reaction through the chief countries of Europe; and the foundations of our modern political and social scheme become visible. The new phase of European history, which opens with the Consulate, is left to be treated in another volume."

The subjects of this enumeration are only loosely related to the twenty-five chapters which make up a volume of 875 pages. These chapters are not written by as many different writers, but, if our remembrance serves, the variety of authorship is greater than in the previous volumes. Few of the names are familiar; the best known is that of I. H. Rose, whose biography of Napoleon a short time since was a notable piece of work. The names generally and the treatment are pronouncedly academic. In the way of general criticism the most obvious defect is that we "cannot see the forest for the trees"; the multitude of parts obscures the general impression. In this respect the history fails of attainment to the standard set by Lord Acton, which was that of a philosophical generalization of the historical material. The failure is the more conspciuous because the French Revolution is a subject in which Lord Acton took special interest and his only published course of lectures at Cambridge in the exercise of his Regius professorship is devoted to its consideration. It will be interesting to compare his method and results with those of the present volume of the Modern History which he planned.

The manner of this volume is widely different from that of Carlyle's lyrical epic, "The French Revolution." That was nothing if not picturesque, here there is no picturesque writing. There personality was everything; here Danton's personality counts for little

*The Cambridge Modern History Planned by Lord Acton LL.D., Regius Professor of Modern History. Edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, Stanley Leathes. Vol. VIII. The French Revolution. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1904.

more than that of Louis XVI. The remove is not so great from the opinion of Wendell Phillips that "the French Revolution was the only absolutely unmixed good that God has ever vouchsafed to mankind"; but while the general benefit secured is admitted to have been immense, there are many and important qualifications. It is, however, kept clear that the revolution was the revolution and regeneration of a nation and not of any special class and that steps were taken towards the goal of human betterment that have never been retracted. The final chapter, "Europe and the French Revolution," is disappointing, because it does little more than give the contemporary effect of the Revolution upon Europe and not the later fruit. Incidentally there is an excellent criticism of Burke's "Reflections" and Paine's "Rights of Man," bringing out the stronger and the weaker points in either document. "No two writers could differ more fundamentally; and they are at almost equal distance from the thought of our own day." Thus concluding judgment seems to us to do less than justice to the prophetic quality of Burke's sense of the relation to the organic relation of the present to the past.

MARIA ENGLEWORTH.

Of the fifty-three volumes of "English Men of Letters" now published, and which, in due order, I have read, I do not hesitate to say that this is one of the best. The subject is, of course, a minor subject as compared with many others of the series, but for adequacy to its subject this volume has not been excelled. Miss Lawless as an Irish woman brings a lively sympathy to Miss Edgeworth's Irish qualities of mind and work and a careful understanding of the changing circumstances of Irish life during the long period that was co-extensive with Miss Edgeworth's literary career. It happens, as Miss Lawless writes, that all who have heretofore occupied themselves with Maria Edgeworth have been English and consequently neglected or treated as merely incidental the more purely Irish side of her writings and her incidental influence on Irish life. It has been Miss Lawless's pleasure to make much of this. She regards it as Miss Edgeworth's chief misfortune that but a small part of her childhood, the formative and impressible part of her life, was spent in Ireland, while at the same time she considers "Castle Rackrent" and "The Absentee," pre-eminently her two Irish stories, as the best of all the many that she wroe. Of these two she considers the former decidedly the better, as having least of that didactic quality which is universally associated with Miss Edgeworth's writing, and as having been free from the weight of her father's heavy hand. Indeed, the most interesting part of Miss Lawless's contention is that Miss Edgeworth's didacticism was not really characteristic of the little woman in any proper sense, and this contention is made good by numerous quotations from her letters from which the didactic spirit is absent to a remarkable degree. This spirit was the tribute of her filial devotion to her father's power of life and death as exercised in the various conduct of his family affairs.

The exercise of this was sufficiently tragical in some of its implications and results, but in the main it is for the excitation of her sense of humor that Mr. Edgeworth exists in Miss Lawless's imagination. The kaleidoscopic character of his conjugal arrangements, his four wives in swift succession and his seventeen children, create an opportunity for humorous comment which she does not neglect. Yet her use of it is never at the expense of the daughter's vital interest, and, warm as her admiration is for that part of her work which has least of the parental obsession, it is for the little lady herself that she reserves its warmest note. "It has been the woman," as she says, "that has been desired to be shown to us, an exceptionally pleasant woman, nay, an exceptionally pleasant Irish woman; one whom few people ever grew to know without also growing to like, and whom few ever found themselves brought into even accidental contact with, without being in some way the better for it." Her success in this regard has been complete. Henceforth Miss Edgeworth's place should be secure, if it has not been heretofore, as one of the world's "eminently likable writers," "one of the very pleasantest personalities to be met with in the whole wide world of books."

Marie Edgeworth. By Hon. Emily Landers. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1904.

Dante For Beginners.

Adapted from an Outline Prepared for the Unity Club of Rochester, New York, 1903-1904, by William C. Gannett, through whose courtesy we are allowed to print it in UNITY for the guidance of other clubs and classes.

Ten meetings.

Condition of Membership: To read at home Dante's "Divine Comedy."

Class Fee———.

Secretary and treasurer———, to whom apply for programs.

Only "beginners" we, in the Dante world; and if we are without Italian, we must humbly give hope of being more. For no great poem can be "translated;" the music, and the scenery that lies in words, refuse to migrate. Losing these, then, what remains for us? Dante himself remains. The wonderful reflection of the Middle Ages in his poem remains,—the politics, the science, the religion, the morals, the aspirations and the achievements of Europe's 'Age of Faith." And the poem as an "Epic of the Soul" remains. All this is for us, if we will, without Italian,—no little joy. Yet this *not easily*. The Great Masters all go on pilgrimage to Dante; so let *us* expect to reach him without pains. For encouragement, however, listen to Dr. Strong, who with a little company once took Dante for a summer reading: "An hour and a half each morning for four weeks sufficed to accomplish our task. Indeed it was no task; the pauses for discussion were numberless; its beauty grew upon us; when he finally closed our books, the four weeks seemed four days for the love we bore the poet and the poem."

With but ten Class meetings, and these given in the main to conversation, our reading must be done at home,—always the condition of Class membership with us. To get the best from one's reading Mr. Griggs advises beginners to first go through the whole poem rapidly, and then to study carefully selected portions. Even the quickest reading needs the aid of such footnotes as the Temple Classic translations, and Norton's, offer. Some of the Introductions provide charts for the journey. Better make our own. Let us not tire ourselves with historic detail, or items of the symbolism, nor lose heart in the Inferno. The large impression and the plainer meanings are what we chiefly want; and the path grows pleasanter onwards.

Translations, Longfellow's in metre, with its wealth of illustrative notes; or Norton's in prose, easier to read, and equipped with scanty notes; or the dainty Temple Classic edition, three little volumes, prose translations, the Italian and the English texts on facing pages, and with moderate, but ample, provision of notes. If we read in little companies, better have different translations in hand.

Aids and Introductions.

(1) *Mr. Griggs' Syllabus.* By all means secure a copy of his fascinating "Outline of Six Lectures," rich with suggestions, questions and references,—far better than anything we could make for ourselves. Let this be a kind of a hand-book for us. For sale by Scranton, Wetmore & Co.,—twenty cents.

(2) *Dante's Time.* The more we know about the Middle Ages ,the more for us in the poem. The introductions all have chapters of this kind. Federn, in the first part of his "Dante and his Time," tries to give just what is needed in a large nutshell. But better yet, use, if possible, this opportunity to read such a book as G. B. Adams' "Civilization during the Middle Ages," or J. H. Allen's "The Middle Ages" (part second of his "Christian History"),—neither book very large, both very illuminative and interesting.

(3) *The Poet.* We must know somewhat of Dante's life; of course must read his "Vita Nuova," therefore, as also for the pure loveliness of the dear story,—in D. G. Rossetti's beautiful translation (in "Dante and his Circle;" also in separate form), or Norton's "The New Life," which has illustrative essays. Federn, Symonds, all the Introductions, probably, also Vernon

Lee's "Euphorion," have a chapter about the two Beatrices and Mediæval Love. For the rest of Dante's life, and for short accounts of his works apart from the great poem, almost any of the Introductions give enough for us. (See below.) Norton's account, in the "Warner Library," is good.

(4) *The Poem.* For light on the Poem itself, Mr. Griggs refers oftenest to three books,—Symonds' "Introduction to the Study of Dante," ("the best Introduction in English," he says); M. F. Rosetti's "A Shadow of Dante" ("excellent and sympathetic interpretation"); W. T. Harris' "The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divina Commedia." The next best three on his list for our purposes are probably Federn's "Dante and his Time;" Ozanam's "Dante and Catholic Philosophy in the Thirteenth Century;" Witt's "Essays on Dante" ("invaluable," Mr. Norton calls them). Gardiners little "Dante" contains a great deal of help in small and cheap form.

Among single essays and chapters of value are Lowell's "Dante" (in "Among My Books"); Dean Church's "Dante, and Other Essays;" Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence;" Carlyle in "Heroes and Hero-Worship;" Norton's "Dante," in the Warner Library of Best Literature; and Oscar Browning's article in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

PROGRAM.

I. CLASS RALLY. An opening Talk, Lantern Pictures of Florence, Ravenna and the Dante Country.

II. THE INFERNO, CANTOS I-XI: The Hells of Incontinence and Heresy.
Paper: "The World as Dante's Time Conceived It."

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IV. THE PURGATORIO, CANTOS I-VIII: Ante-Purgatory.
Paper: "The Florence that Dante Loved."

V. THE PURGATORIO, CANTOS IX-XXVII: The Seven Ledges.
Paper: "Dante's Two Faces, and the Life that Lay Between."

VI. THE PURGATORIO, CANTOS XXVII-XXXIII: The Earthly Paradise.
Papers: "Dante's Use of Symbol and Allegory."
"Beatrice of Florence and the Beatrice of Paradise."

VII. THE PARADISO, CANTOS I-XIII: The Heavens of the Inner Planets.
Paper: "The Divine Comedy as a Reflection of the Middle Ages."

VIII. THE PARADISO, CANTOS XIV-XXIX: The Heavens of the Outer Planets.
Paper: "The Divine Comedy as the Epic of the Soul."

IX. THE PARADISO, CANTOS XXX-XXXIII: The Rose of Paradise, and the Beatific Vision.
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Harrison, Elizabeth, in Dante for Children and Some Silent Teachers, pp. 160 and 173.
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Correspondence.

My Dear Unity:

Your polite offer of space for a reply to "A Republican," in your paper of Aug. 18th, is appreciated; but I think that I do not disagree with him entirely about the colored vote; but it is not a proper question for a partisan political platform. It is well known that if the southern vote were cast for the republican party, that party would have nothing to say about the rights of negroes at the polls.

To attribute the decay of our commercial marine to confederate cruisers is hardly satisfactory. We have never before heard that the south whipped the north on the seas, and destroyed the bulk of her shipping. If so, reaction should have set in as soon as the war closed. But here we are forty years after the war called upon to subsidize agriculture and manufactures to build up shipping.

If the gentleman believes that our postoffice system is in a state of the highest "efficiency" I will refer him to the reports of Postmaster-General Wanamaker and Gary; and to an article in the *World's Work* for June. Paul Carus editor of the *Monist* can tell him how documents, prepaid from foreign countries and addressed to him in Chicago, are taken out of the mails at New York by the American Express Company; and forwarded to him with heavy charges. The uncovered scandals in Washington do not include a

tithe of the facts. Meanwhile we remain the only civilized nation without a parcels post, and almost the only one without postal savings banks. Our whole system of sixty thousand postmasters constitutes a vast political machine, in the hands of politicians, and concerning which an American citizen has no rights whatever.

It is difficult to discuss our position in the Orient, which your correspondent declares to be so "enviable." Our Philippine war, an outrage and blunder from beginning to end, he may claim as the particular achievement of his party if he chooses; but our relations with Japan, noble and helpful to that young empire, were as I said in my previous communication, established by President Pierce, a democrat, in 1854. Commodore Perry was sent with a fleet to demand treaty relations; but he was not allowed to enter upon a scheme of conquest—not even to convert their souls and enable them to speak English.

If the gentleman wishes to know whether Mr. McKinley was a high-tariff man when he died, let him read that magnificent speech, delivered in Buffalo, just before his assassination—in which he declares that commercial war is a matter of the past; and that reciprocity is the new law of the future. If that does not mean freedom of trade, in the gentleman's eyes, let him tell me what Mr. McKinley's "open door" for China and Corea meant. It is this open door principle which Mr. McKinley had the glory of formulating that Japan is now fighting for. The fact is we have outlived the Russian principle of selfish exclusiveness, and have opened a new door for the Twentieth Century. High tariffs shut the door.

I quite agree with him when he says that Mr. Roosevelt called together the senate and "forced it" to pass a certain bill. Our senate certainly has become a mere tool of the executive. I believe, however, that we have had quite enough of this forcing business—quite too much for the safety of republican institutions. The Panama Canal treaty was put through by force. By an autocratic decree, signed by President Roosevelt, a pension law was enacted over the head of congress. We are creating a standing army, and are building a navy to control the world. The drift of this reign of force is seen in Colorado; where the governor whose especial business it is to sustain law, defies law. With his military satraps he drags citizens from their homes, without warrant; and without a trial banishes them from the state. This kind of business will have to be headed off, or Czarism will soon supplant democracy.

I am, however, drifting into a "reply." In closing I am happy to agree with the gentleman when he says that the democratic party has nominated for president of the United States "An able honest and upright man." I also agree with the assistant secretary of state under Harrison, Mr. W. M. Grinnell, when he says, that "What this country now needs is an upholder of law for president. The United States was always a law-abiding nation until three years ago. Judge Parker is a man of judicial temperament. He will uphold the law and the constitution." As an independent voter I can assure the gentleman that I shall not be biased by party affiliations or shouting conventions. I can also pledge him that I will never vote for a subsidy, against which every agricultural association in the United States, including the National Farmers Congress, and the National Grange has protested. All the more since the English parliamentary commission has recently reported that the subsidy principle has proved false and injurious to English shipping; and urges its abolition. Sincerely,

E. P. Powell.

Clinton, N. Y.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

More American Impressions of a Hindu Visitor.—"The American woman," says Mr. Pal, the editor of *New India*, "is at once something so novel, and yet something so bewitchingly natural that one really does not know how best to portray her. You cannot speak of her in the terms of your old-world experience. You cannot judge her aright by the canons of your old-world ideals. She is, peculiarly, the product of a new civilization. Not a 'new woman,' in the vulgar sense of the term, she has revealed a new ideal of womanhood, by which alone must she be judged and appraised.

"The American woman, in the first place, is the most artless of her kind. But her artlessness is generically different from the artlessness which contributes to the old ideal of womanhood, especially in oriental civilizations, its chief charm and sanctity. This artlessness among our women is almost an inherited instinct, the fruit of inexperienced innocence, and ignorant, uncritical, and unreflecting regard. It has been woven into our ideal of womanhood through countless centuries of trustful dependence and loving protection in which the gentler sex has always lived. It has all the charm of unconscious nature in it, it is true, but it lacks the fulness, the complexity and the illumination of conscious life. Not so, however, this characteristic artlessness of the American woman. It is not the result of inherited sense of dependence on the stronger sex, but is the finest flower of American freedom. It is born of the absence of all restraint in which the American woman lives and grows.

"Woman enjoys the fullest social freedom on both sides of the Atlantic, but in America freedom seems to sit very lightly upon her. The English woman, too, is free, no doubt, but she is always very self-conscious. She carries her freedom about her with an inner sense of restraint, which deprives it, to a very large extent, of its natural charm and grandeur. She is like the caged bird, set free. The American woman is, however, very different. She is free with the freedom of the man—as natural and unconscious in her freedom as her eastern sister is in the seclusion of the zenana. But though as free as a man, the American woman has not been, in the least, unsexed. You may call her,—judging her by your old-world standards—nonsexed, if you please, but unsexed never. Her charming freedom of manners is due to the fact that in the relations of intellectual, industrial, or social life, she is generally unconscious of all sex differentiations.

"In the electric cars, in the railway carriages, in public hotels and restaurants, in theatres and music halls, in every place of public resort, the American woman jostles about with the men and treats them as her male sisters, and expects them to treat her as their female brother. She will not expect you to get up and make room for her in a crowded car, or hand her into or out of a carriage, or pick up her handkerchief, or in any other way treat her differently from how you would treat an equal and a brother. She will be likely to resent, perhaps, any special consideration that you may show her on the ground of her sex.

"I do not say that the American woman is not vain; or that she loves not to be praised of men and sought and courted by them. That would be a perversion of woman's nature, not its natural development and evolution. Love of display and approbation is as strong in her as it is in any other daughter of Eve; but she is more anxious to command the respect and gain the esteem of man, than to please him and receive his sex-homage. This peculiar characteristic of the American womanhood has developed an ideal of *comaraderie* which regulates the relations between the sexes in the new continent. And this is due, perhaps, among other things, to the system of co-educa-

tion that obtained for many years in the public schools and colleges of America.

"This spirit of *comaraderie*," thinks our Oriental observer, "has contributed to the development of free-and-easy ways among American women such as are seldom seen in any other country even in the free western world," and he finds in the arrangements of an American sleeping-car and the sights that may be seen therein a most conspicuous illustration of this statement.

On the other hand he notes that "her free-and-easy ways have made the American woman about the most good-natured of her class. Unlike her sisters in other civilized countries she is the least prone to take offense at trifles. This good nature is, indeed, the general characteristic of both the men and women in America." This statement is clinched by the usual description of our overcrowded street-cars and local train service.

Of the self-reliance and resourcefulness that freedom has given the American woman the writer observes: "The perfect equal footing on which they mix with the men has made the American woman far more independent of social conventionalities than her sister across the Atlantic. Young and unmarried women of the highest class and of the most respectable character are not unoften found living by themselves in hired apartments in New York and other cities, whether learning or following some art or profession, just as young and unmarried men do in other countries. And this freedom has developed in them a strength and resourcefulness which are not generally found in the women of other countries. They are far more able to hold their own in the battle of life than any other women, and can always be depended upon for protecting their honor against the attacks of brutal or evil-minded men."

M. E. H.

CALIFORNIA.

The Chicago & North Western Ry. has issued a new publication entitled "California." It contains a beautiful colored map of the state, a list of hotels at California tourist resorts with their capacity and rates; and a most interesting series of pictures showing California's resources and attractions. The prospective visitor and settler should be in possession of a copy of this profusely illustrated folder. Sent to any address on receipt of four cents in stamps. One way tickets on sale daily September 15 to October 15, only $33.00 Chicago to the Coast. Correspondingly low rates from all points W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., Chicago, Ill.

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